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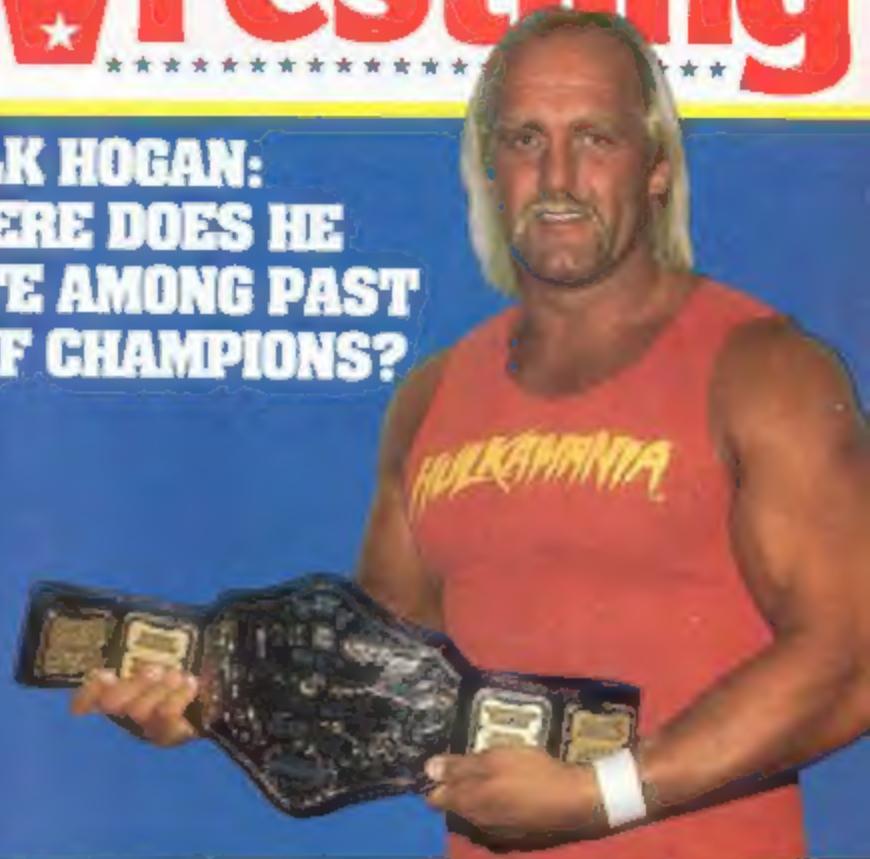
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Winter 1986

Victory Sports Wrestling

HULK HOGAN:
WHERE DOES HE
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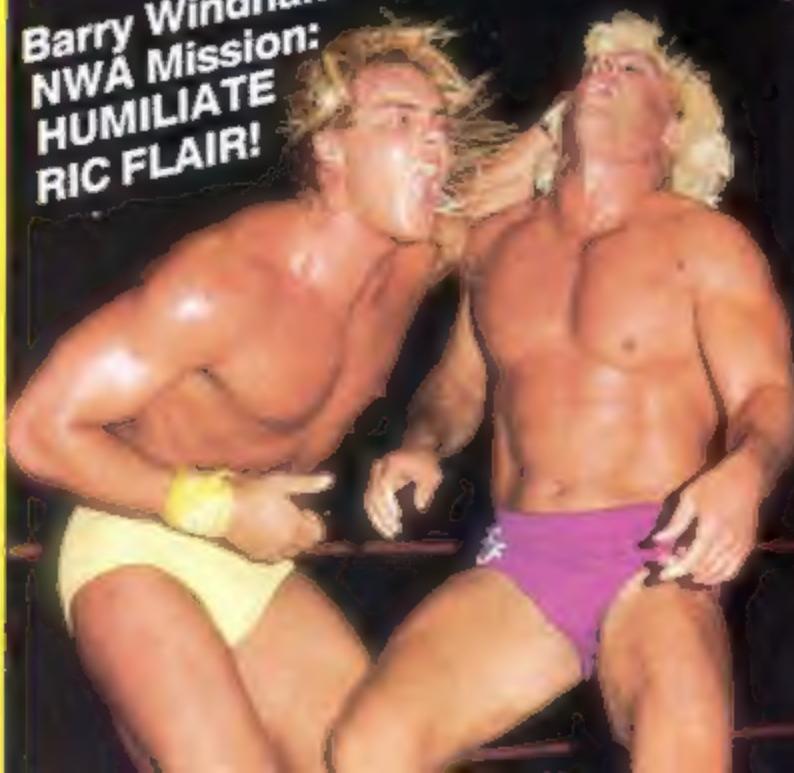


**Ready For The
Hall Of Fame:
THE AWA'S
FUTURE IS IN
SCOTT HALL'S
HANDS!**



**WHY DO THE EXPERTS
CONTINUE TO
UNDERRATE THE
FABULOUS FREEBIRDS?**

Barry Windham's
NWA Mission:
**HUMILIATE
RIC FLAIR!**



Victory Sports Wrestling

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READER

Response

ROCK AND ROLL FOREVER

I loved your story on The Rock 'n' Roll Express ("The Rock 'n' Roll Express Answer Your 10 Most Personal Questions!" Fall 1986). It was good to find out so much about my favorite wrestlers. Sometimes people don't understand why I like them, so now I can show them the article.

All your magazines are great because you print so much about the Express. That's not the only reason, but it's all I care about.

STACY LUBMAN
Columbia, SC

A LEX LUGAR FAN

Down here in Florida, everybody knows the best wrestler going today is Lex Lugar. The guy is awesome! He'd be NWA champ-

on by now if Ric Flair didn't keep getting himself disqualified when they wrestle.

With his talent and Bob Roop's expertise, Lugar will dominate wrestling for the next 10 years. Scum like The Shock Troops, Ron Bass, and Kendo Nagasaki are no match for the power of Lugar.

BOB WYSOCKI
Lakeland, FL

ANDRE IS OVERRATED

Why doesn't Andre the Giant get a title shot? Because he doesn't deserve one! That's right, the fat slob doesn't deserve one. Before anybody wonders what in the heck I'm talking about, look at the facts:

The man has been suspended

by the WWF for not appearing at several matches. Even though he's wrestling as The Giant Machine, the fact remains that he is still officially suspended.

If Andre is so great, why has he never held a title? The answer is simple: Because he's not as talented as you have lead the fans to believe. Enough about the so-called great Giant.

BARRY LA RUE
Great Neck, NY

NO FAN OF STAN THE MAN

After reading your interview with Stan Hansen ("Special Interview with Stan Hansen," Fall 1986), I realized what a slug the



Former AWA World champion Stan Hansen won't find a friend in Ted Jones. Mr. Jones calls Hansen "the most disgusting, loudmouthed, repulsive wrestler in the sport."

guy is. He is without a doubt the most disgusting, loudmouthed, repulsive wrestler in the sport, and he was the worst excuse for a champion ever. Thank goodness Hansen no longer holds the AWA World title. Any man who treats his family the way Hansen does has no business parading around with a championship belt.

TED JONES
Joliet, IL

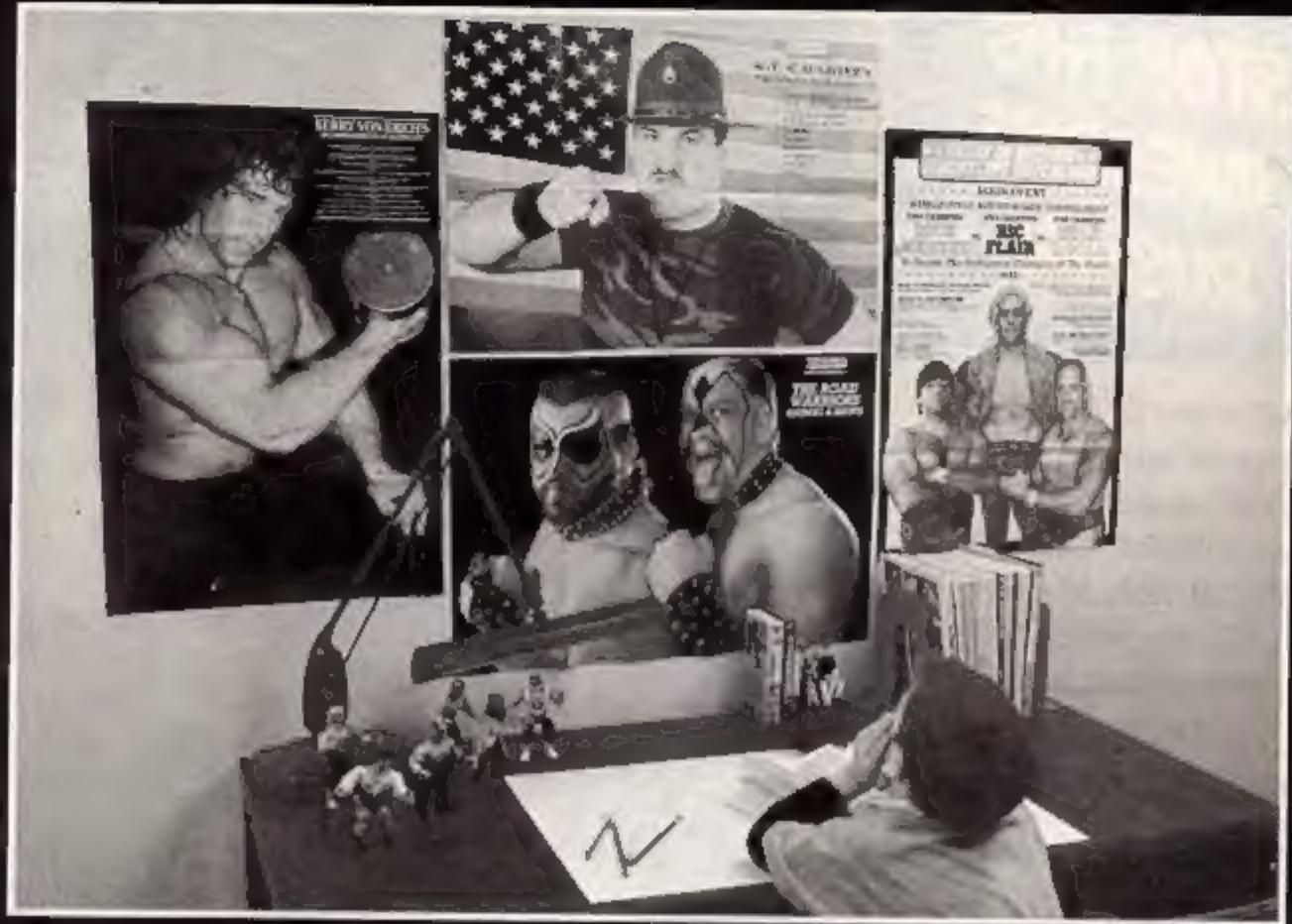
IT'LL NEVER HAPPEN

In his article on Dusty Rhodes and Magnum T.A. ("Warning to (Continued on page 46)



Lex Lugar is in control of the situation against Ric Flair. Bob Wysocki feels that Lugar would be NWA champion if not for Flair's many disqualifications.

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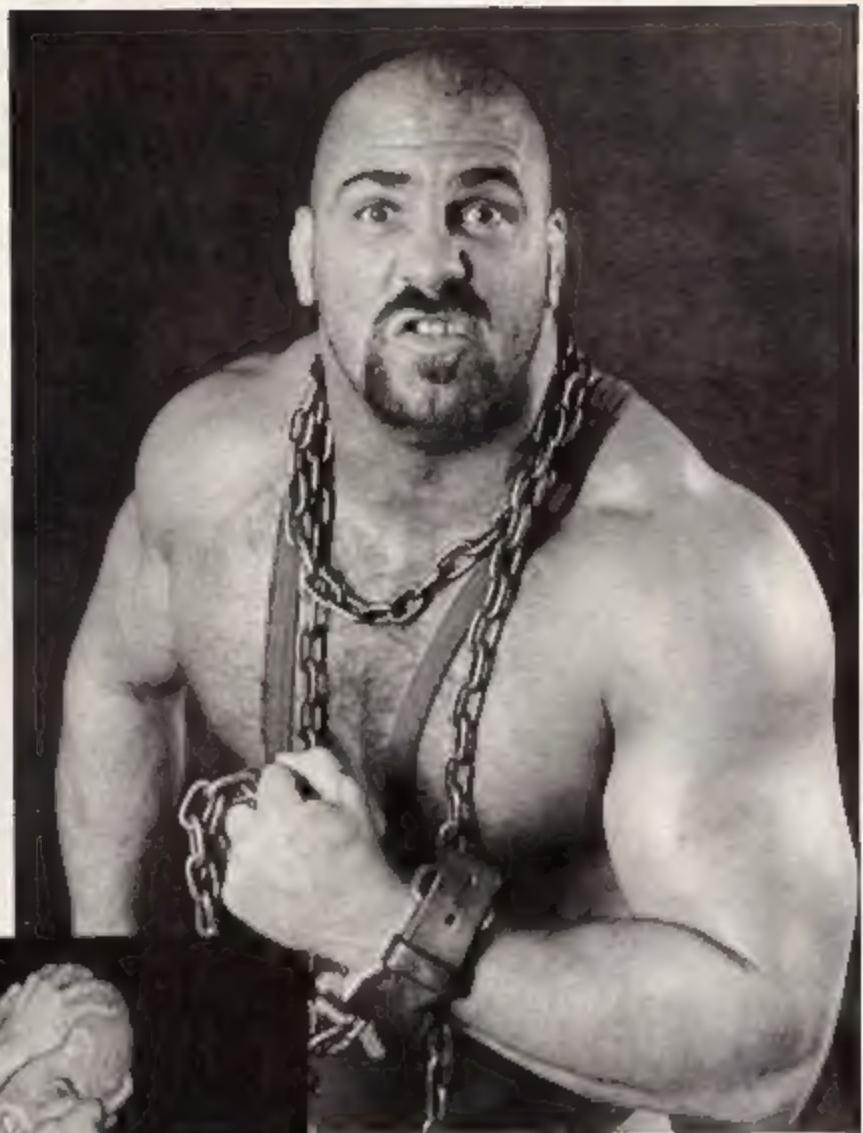
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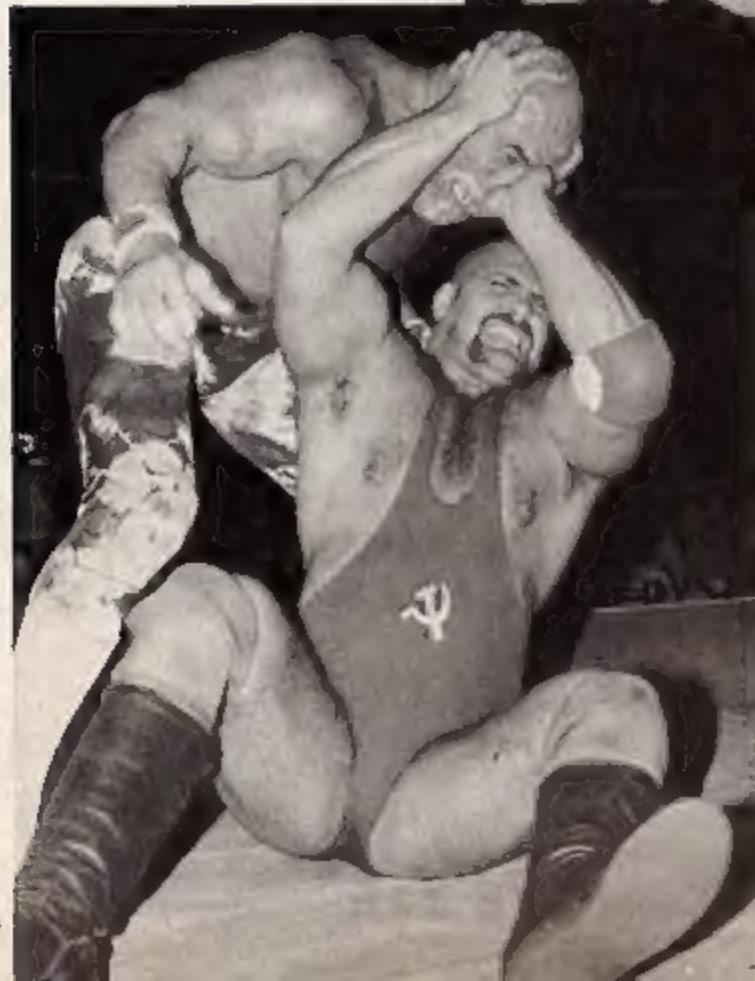
NIKITA OVERPOWERS GRAHAM:

CAN ANYONE
STOP THIS
AWESOME
RUSSIAN?

Superstar Billy Graham signed against Nikita Koloff seeking revenge and honor. What he found instead was a fighting machine determined to end his career



Nikita is an awesome sight to begin with. He wrap a chain around his neck (above) and he looks even more impeding. Superstar Billy Graham knows this very well (left). Koloff is on the mat but the Superstar is taking the punishment.

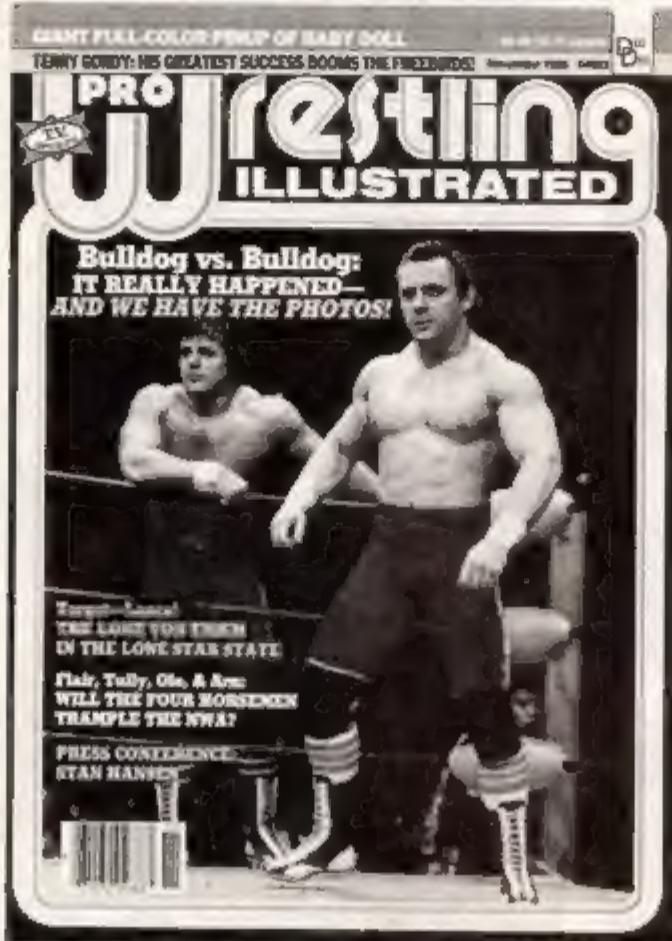


October, 1973. An early winter wind sweeps ice up the spines of Winnipeg, Manitoba. Superstar Billy Graham and Ivan Koloff, in shirtsleeves, jog lightly through the fallen leaves, discussing strategy for their scheduled tag team match.

Later that night, Koloff would refuse Graham's tag, watching indifferently as Graham withstood the poundings of two opponents, eventually summoning all of his Herculean powers to pin them both.

(Continued on page 10)

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NIKITA KOLOFF

(Continued from page 8)

Fueling Graham's wrath was the manner in which Koloff sneered and walked away following the bout. Graham never forgot that sneer, and although his career took on many shapes and convolutions, his vow of revenge was never forgotten.



As fate writes it, Graham, now a fan favorite in the World Championship area, has drifted into a feud against Koloff's powerful nephew, Nikita. The years have been kind to Graham; it has barely diminished his great strength while he has complimented nature's gift with a commanding knowledge of the martial arts, giving him more confidence than ever before.

Yet, given the vast parameters of his skills and ring wisdom, and the immutable powers of revenge, Superstar Billy Graham was still no match for 24-year-old Nikita Koloff, again giving rise to the ominous question: Can anyone stop this awesome Russian?



Nikita is in complete control. He puts Graham in a Russian bear hug (far left), scores an overpowering victory in a test of strength (above) and prepares to drive his rival to the mat (below).

THEY STOOD IN center ring, touching eyeballs, Graham's face a mask of oriental dispassion. If you could hear the veteran's thoughts, though, they would sound something like *I've been waiting to kick the cossack out of some Russian scum for 13 years. My mind is my strength. I shall prevail.*

Nikita Koloff indulged himself with no such philosophies. His was a lexi-

(Continued on page 47)

SCOTT HALL TAKES AIM AT COLONEL DeBEERS: THE BIG MAN'S BIGGEST TEST YET

SCOTT HALL DESCRIBES his upcoming series of matches against Col. DeBeers as the most important of his brief career.

"More important than my desire to win the World championship," the tall youngster said, "is my desire to rid the sport of that scum, Col. DeBeers. I look at DeBeers and I get sick. His attitude, his politics, his tactics—I'm generally an easygoing guy, but I'm more motivated now than I've ever been before."

"I want to see him in pain. I want him to suffer as his people have made others suffer."

The sudden intrusion of politics into Hall's game plan is somewhat out of character. His friend, Curt Hennig, with whom he formerly held the AWA World tag team championship, says Hall's public disclosures have surprised him.

"I spent 28 days a month on the road with Scotty when we were champions," Hennig said, "and in all that time I don't think we ever talked about politics. Scott always believed that religion and politics were private matters. His remarks about DeBeers are very surprising."

"He obviously feels very strongly about the subject or else he wouldn't say anything. He must really want a piece of the Colonel."

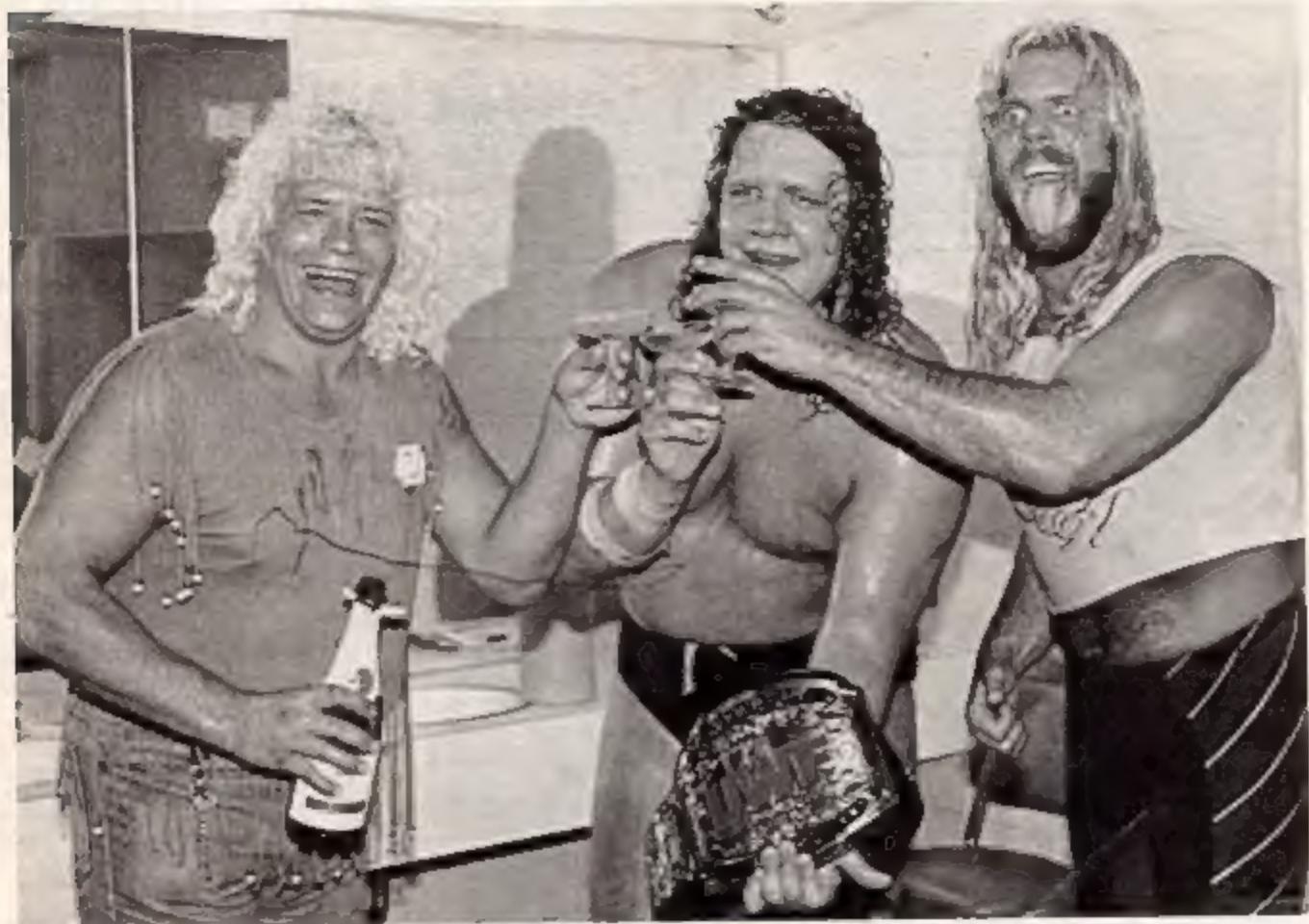
DeBeers, wrestling's most outspoken
(Continued on page 51)



Hall prepares to smash Col. DeBeers into the mat. The typically apolitical Hall has taken a stand against DeBeers' pro-apartheid views.

Scott Hall has decided to tackle the issue of apartheid by tackling its loudest spokesman, Col. DeBeers. Will the first major feud for the AWA's big man prove to be his last?

WHY DO THE EXPERTS CONTINUE TO UNDERRATE THE FABULOUS FREEBIRDS?



THE INHABITANTS OF this exclusive North Dallas enclave, many of whom need a packed lunch to get from one end of their homes to the other, are up in arms. At \$25,000 a month, The Fabulous Freebirds are leasing the old Ozdemeyer estate and have turned the sprawling, brick and marble, lake-lined mansion into a personal fiefdom of decadence, a training camp of abominable and relentless degradation.

"Last night, around 4 a.m., my wife

The Freebirds celebrated Terry Gordy's newly won UWF title (above). Michael Hayes has his eye on Terry Taylor's TV title (below).

screech and whoop," said neighbor Benson Heidigger, scion of the oil rich Houston Heidiggers, a family whose reported net worth is rumored to hover between \$300 and \$400 million. "We ran out on the grounds and knew right away where to look."

"They're nothing but *monstrous*. They're just like *animals*," Heidigger's wife, Priscilla, interrupted. "This used to be a nice neighborhood."

"We looked up," continued Heidigger, "and there coming down the road was an elephant, thumping

(Continued on page 18)

The winds and eddys of fame sharpen and gust without warning and the latest breeze returned The Fabulous Freebirds to their familiar perch, high atop the wrestling world.



The experts might underrate The Freebirds but their opponents do not. Terry Gordy prepares to suplex Kevin Von Erich (above left) and Buddy Roberts applies a stranglehold to Hacksaw Dugan (above right). Even out of the ring, The Freebirds are a force to be reckoned with. They recently released the album "Badstreet U.S.A." (below).



FREEBIRDS

(Continued from page 18)



Michael Hayes, in his 411 days, comes crashing down on the head of Curt Hennig. The most vocal member of The Freebirds is also considered to be the most dangerous.

calmly down the street as if this were Kenya or something. Its trunk was painted a bright pink, and over it was draped a tremendous Confederate flag. On top of the beast was this huge, hairy man—actually, we're not so certain it was a man."

"It was something you'd see in one of those museums of natural history," added Priscilla.

"The man stood up—he was naked—and as I shielded Priscilla's eyes he lifted up a bottle of whiskey, took a large gulp—quite a large gulp actually—and bowed, rather elegantly, to us.

He then shouted something, and the elephant turned immediately around and they bounded back up the hill. I didn't know whether to call the police or the ASPCA."

The man, of course, was Michael Hayes, acknowledged leader and chief rascal of The Fabulous Freebirds. He denies none of it. "The boys and I got a little outta hand last night," Hayes said smugly. "We must have gone through a case of Jack."

The Freebirds, who have used the sunrise in the past as an excuse to party, now find their delinquent jubi-

lées legitimized. After several months of relative silence, months during which the team was lambasted by critics as being "washed up," "burnt out," and "long gone," The Freebirds upset Kevin and Kerry Von Erich and Brian Adidas to capture the World Class Six Man tag team title. The 'Birds, whose real sustenance is not the booze but the soothing embers of the limelight, once again find themselves atop the wrestling world.

"It's like we never left," says Terry Gordy.

"We never did, the hell with what people thought," incorrectly added Buddy Roberts, because the Freebirds certainly did retreat from the headlines, although not for a lack of acuity. The Freebirds worked together in the AWA, and then Hayes signed for a series of title shots against then-AWA champion Rick Martel, while Roberts wrestled in singles matches in Texas and Gordy worked in Japan.

"We couldn't believe the stuff being written about us," Hayes cried. "Just because we separated for a while, we were treated like we were all finished. It's been like that throughout our career. People love getting on our case. They're so intimidated by The Freebirds, so jealous of our success, that they jump like trained seals when they think we're breaking up."

"And other wrestlers fuel the rumors because they're jealous of the way we train."

For those readers aspiring to the rank of professional athlete, the Freebird training program should largely be ignored. The Freebirds have installed a ring in the Ozcmeyer library, a room once host to a cocktail party attended by then-President of the United States Lyndon Johnson. Around the littered remains of last night's orgiastic fete lie dumbbells, training mats, jump ropes, and Nautilus machines.

"The 'Birds have never believed in strict training regimens," Hayes would

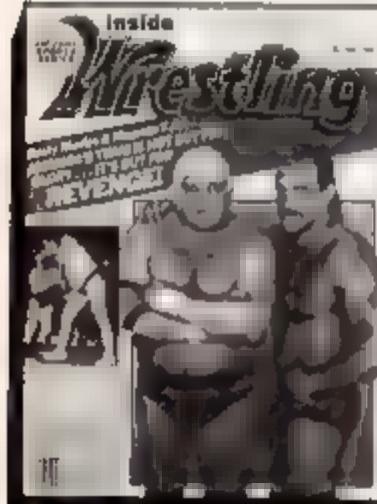
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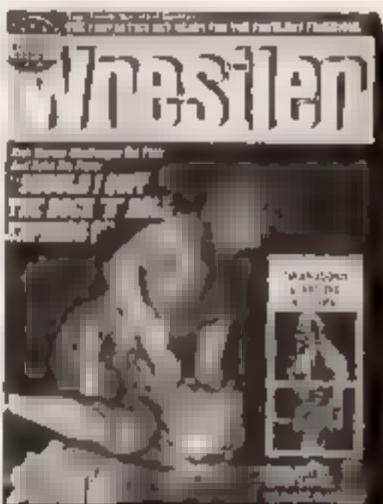
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THE ANDERSONS VOW: WE'LL WRECK AND RULE THE ROCK 'N' ROLLS

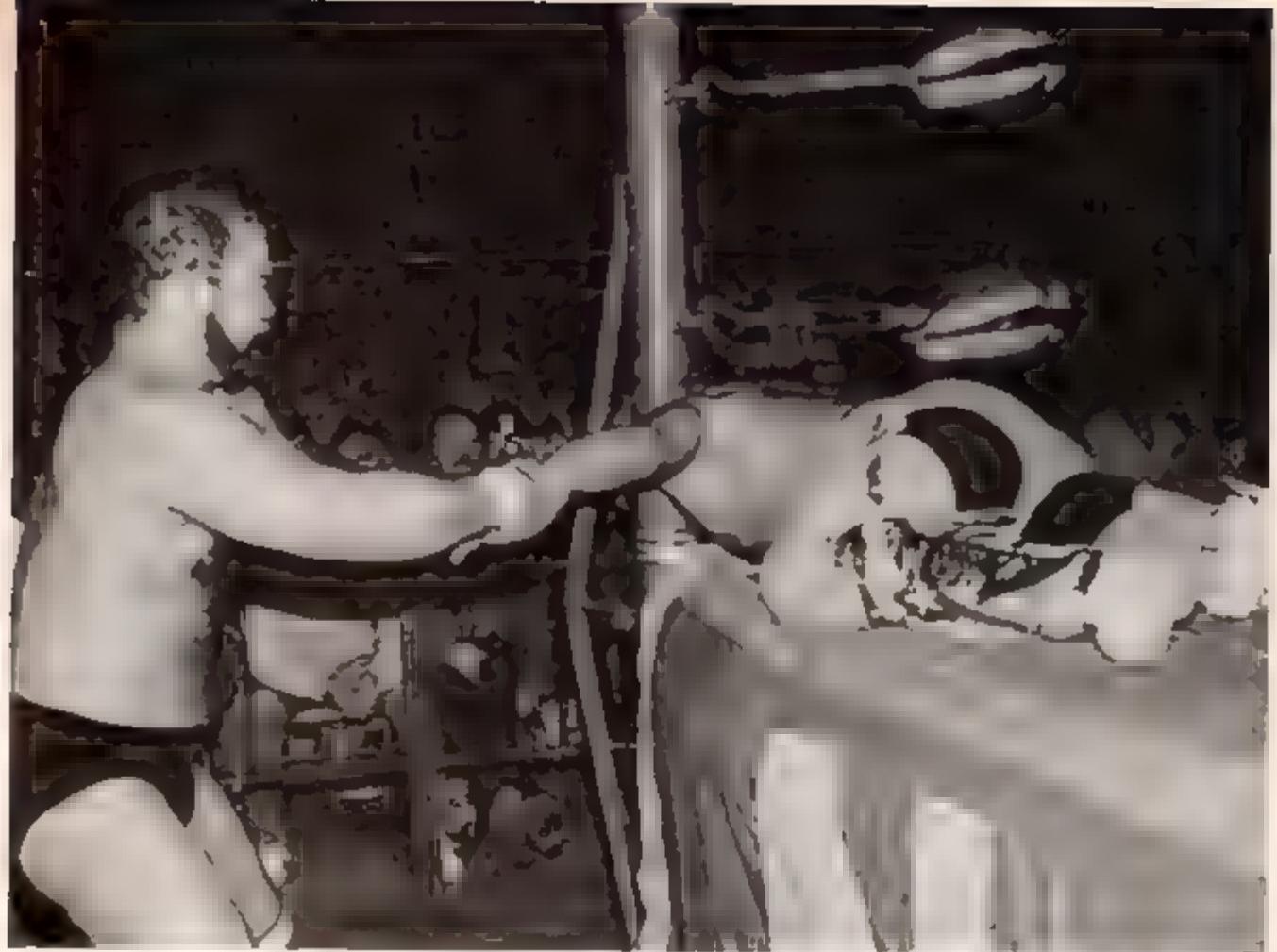
The music has become too loud for Arn and Ole Anderson, whose aims now are to turn Rock 'n' Rollers Robert Gibson and Rick Morton into a pile of broken records.



Arn Anderson prepares to whip Rick Morton of The Rock 'n' Rolls off the ropes.



Arn Anderson left; poses a mean figure even out of the ring. Many people consider him to be one of the most dangerous men in wrestling. Ole (above) is equally evil. He recently broke Robert Gibson's ribs and is seen here doing a number on Morton's arm (above).

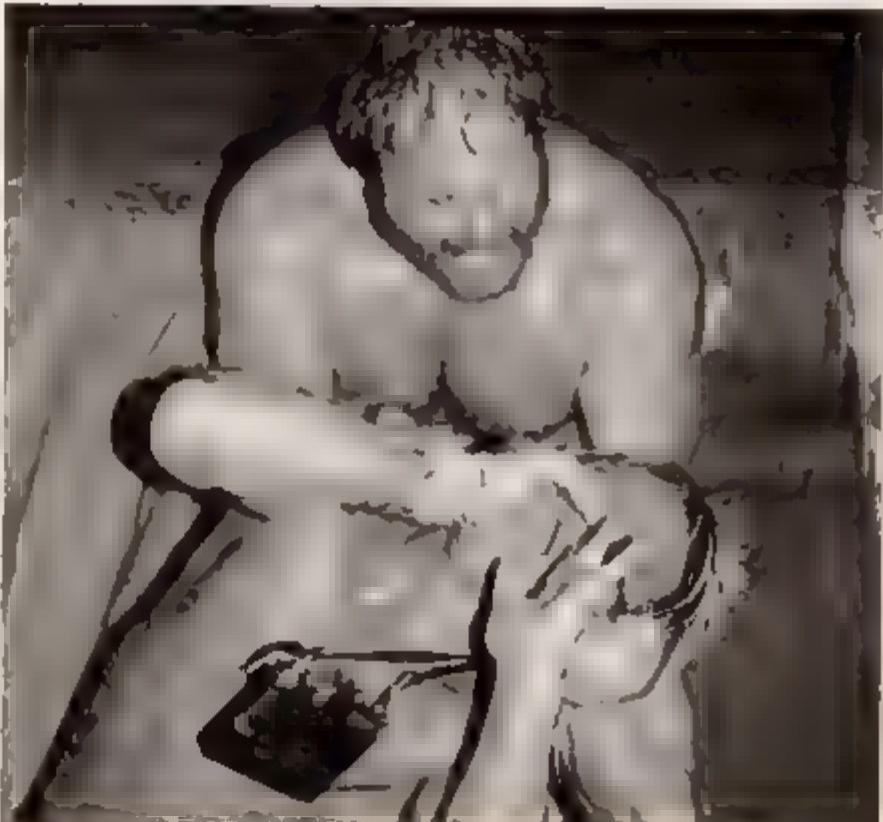


Ari has Gibson in double trouble (above). As he tugs on Gibson's arm, the Rock 'n' Roller's head is being jammed into the ring post. Rick Morton doesn't have a photographic memory, but he won't forget the pain Ole is inflicting (below).

TARRON COALSON, President and Co-Founder of the Voice of Justice, a fan club dedicated to the preservation of the rulebreaking ethic ("Anything it takes to win, anything at all"), has determined the best way to counteract the loud—and to his ears obnoxious—cheers the Rock 'n' Roll Express attracts each match.

"We are sick of the Rock 'n' Rollers," spits Coalson, whose rulebreaking coalition numbers into the hundreds. "The chant 'Rock n' Roll, Rock n' Roll' was driving us crazy. Whenever their idiot fans would begin to chant, we found the phrase 'Bro-ken Nose, Bro-ken Nose' to be quite an effective antidote for their mindless hymn."

And a bit of wishful thinking to boot? "You bet," agrees Coalson. "We'd like nothing more than to





Arn applies his savage techniques during *The Great American Bash*, slugging an already bloodied Gibson with his boot in a brawling brawl.

see Morton and Gibson get their faces smashed in. Without their pretty smiles they are nothing. And the team we at the Voice of Justice would commission for the deed would be the good ol' Minnesota Wrecking Crew. We think Arn and Ole Anderson deserve the pleasure of disfiguring Morton and Gibson. We feel that their years of head-stomping merit such an honor."

Two days after the Greensboro Great American Bash, Arn Anderson was practicing his dropkick on the hard cement floor of the Greensboro Coliseum. Attacking the 400-pound sandbag he had ordered a frightened janitor to suspend from the catacombs above, Anderson let out a vicious whoop, raising his 250-pound body parallel to the ground and delivered a dropkick into the dead center of the bag.

His body would come crashing back down to the cement, whereupon he'd spring back to his feet, fighting ready, duck under the spinning bag and deliver again—boom—sending the bag reeling like a drunkard across the empty arena.

Twenty minutes of the same had reduced the sandbag to a pile of shattered threads. Anderson screamed for the janitor to clean up the sand. The beleaguered worker, clearly terrified of this monster wrestler, dutifully obliged, his broom and dustpan shaking in his hands.

Pointing to the heaping mound, Anderson spoke. "I'm so very tired of the Rock 'n' Roll Express. I'm so very tired of their silly antics. But they haven't long to enjoy their popularity. Soon they will look like that lump of sand."

Anderson laughed when told of

the edict issued by the Voice of Justice. "Tell that most honorable organization that the Andersons will do everything to oblige their wishes. Me and Ole are gonna turn those rock and rolling scum twins into a garbage pile. We are going to twist their insides out. After we are through with them, they will need reconstructive surgery just so they could look ugly!"

Anderson moaned a little. "Man, I never work out like this. My body is hurting in 30 different places right now. But it will all be worth it. I'm fine-tuning myself. I want to be ready when the time comes. I'm going to beat Morton and Gibson at their own game. I'm going to dropkick those two flying fairies into never-never land."

Arn was still smarting over the controversial draw he and his cousin had fought to against Morton and Gibson at the Bash two days earlier. "Whenever myself or Ole had one of those weasels with his shoulders on the mat, the count would take forever. I thought the referee had palsy or something. Until, of course, Ole or I had our shoulders down. Then the ref would count in 78 rpm.

"Also, every time Morton was in trouble—which was often—Gibson would run in and rescue him. Of course the referee was blind to those infractions. But let one of us help out, man, we were threatened with disqualification inside five seconds," Anderson cursed. "I hate those little snotdogs. I want to hurt them in the worst way. It's damn amazing we escaped with a draw last time. Next time, we'll hook those bastards."

Accusations in this feud have flown in both directions. "The thing fat Arn overlooks," claims Ric Flair, "is the fact that Ric Flair and Tully Blanchard are always waiting in the wings to protect their cowardly behinds. The Four Horsemen wouldn't think of

(Continued on page 54)

LOOKING AT BILLY JACK



Veteran wrestling columnist Matt Brock takes a close-up look at Billy Jack. And, not surprisingly, he likes what he sees



By Matt Brock

THREE'S A REVOLUTION going on in the professional wrestling world today.

But don't start digging fallout shelters and hiding under the corner table of your favorite tavern with a bottle of grain to shield you from the bombs and bullets.

There's no violence in this revolution. No bearded youths in berets wielding bayonets. No gunfire and shrapnel.

This is a revolution in style.

See, years ago, the average wrestler was of a specific physical type. Sure-footed and solidly built, the wrestler of yesteryear had strength, bulk, and mass. These were powerful men, with wrestling styles rooted in the basics of the sport.

But over the last two decades or so, wrestling styles have evolved. Headlocks, armlocks, and occasional dropkicks are not enough anymore. Like everything else in this prefabricated, instant-success, youth-oriented, fast-lane



Matt Brock feels that Billy Jack Haynes represents the new order of professional wrestlers—lean, muscular, and with a personality to match. The popular star has since gone on to the WWF



Haynes was Pacific Northwest champion in early 1980. Here he puts current titleholder Rip Oliver in a headlock (above). Billy Jack applies his best move, the full nelson, to a helpless Kenzo Nagasaki (below). Haynes' tremendous power makes this maneuver even more devastating.



Billy Jack gave NWA World champion Ric Flair some painful moments.

world, wrestling styles have become far more sophisticated and streamlined.

The dropkick, once a remarkable departure in style for a wrestler, is common. Aerial tactics are becoming more and more predominant. Holds are becoming more and more complicated; the cobra clutch is a good example of this.

And wrestlers' physiques are becoming more sophisticated as well. Just look at men like Kerry and Kevin Von Erich, Tony Atlas, Hulk Hogan, Mil Mascaras, Jimmy Snuka,

, and Billy Jack.

In many ways, Billy Jack exemplifies the direction that wrestling is headed in the '80s and beyond.

First of all, he's got the '80s physique: muscular definition combined with body bulk. And like many of his contemporaries, he's learning how to utilize that muscle in the ring.

Plus he's got personality. In a recent fan vote in this magazine and its sister publication *Wrestling Superstars*, Billy Jack was named the sexiest star in wrestling today.

I've had a lot of conversations with a lot of people about this
(Continued on page 54)





Back in 1984, Billy Jack was one of the most popular wrestlers in Florida. Superstar Billy Graham (above) braces for a Haynes punch and Jim Gavin (below) tries to fight off Billy Jack.



BILL WATTS: THE COWBOY IS STILL WALKING TALL

He was recently honored by Pro Wrestling Illustrated as that prestigious magazine's 1986 "Man of the Year." But Bill Watts has been a man of many years—more than 20, to be exact!





Watts isn't always in control. In a match against The Midnight Express, Bobby Eaton holds the current UWF president while Dennis Condrey prepares to leap off the top rope. Despite his many years in the sport, Watts continues to wrestle against some of the toughest competition in wrestling.

THEY CALL HIM "The Cowboy," and for more than 20 years Bill Watts has walked tall. When wrestlers get together and share anecdotes of their toughest matches, the name "Bill Watts" is spoken in awed whispers. Through the years, Watts has been one of the greatest wrestlers who ever lived.

A wrestler who demanded anonymity told me this: "Often, a wrestler with an open contract who had ticked off a promoter found his opponent would be Bill Watts. He'd turn up from nowhere sometimes. But I'll tell you, no opponent anywhere strikes fear into a wrestler like Bill Watts. He is 305 pounds of

tough."

Bill Watts laughs when he is reminded of his gunslinger reputation. "It's true, through the years I've wrestled where I was needed. Sometimes I've stayed in an area for years, sometimes for just one night. Depends on how long it takes to get the job done."

Currently, Watts is firmly entrenched in the Mid-South/UWF area, where he is the promoter. Watts has built the UWF promotion into one of the two or three finest in the world. As a businessman, Bill Watts is also 305 pounds of tough.

Many fans around the country got their first look at UWF wrestling when the television show was picked up by Ted Turner's SuperStation for a limited run a few months ago. It was a historic moment when Watts' TV show went on the cable.

"At the time, the WWF had a stranglehold on all of the national cable services," Watts says. "They were on USA, MSG, WTBS, and Channel 9 in New York. UWF was the breakthrough program for other promotions."

And the fans liked what they saw. Though it was only on the air for a few weeks, UWF wrestling became the highest-rated program on all of cable-TV. "The WWF gets all the publicity," Watts says, "but Mid-South drew the ratings numbers."

UWF wrestling was ultimately replaced on WTBS by *World Championship Wrestling* after promoter Jim Crockett paid a reported \$1 million for the rights to televise wrestling exclusively on the SuperStation. Not unexpectedly, Watts' departure from WTBS caused a lot of fans to become angry. In the few short weeks it was on, UWF wrestling excited viewers because of its hectic, non-stop style.

Fortunately, Watts' presence has been maintained by Crockett. Watts wrestled on Crockett's big July 4 Omni card (another example of Watts coming to the rescue—this time at the invitation of Dusty

(Continued on page 55)

YOU CAN'T FOOL THE FANS: THERE GOES ANDRE THE GIANT MACHINE

Is that Andre the Giant under the Giant Machine mask? Well, what do you think? After all, how many 7'5", 485-pound wrestlers are around these days?

By Matt Brock

SAY IT AIN'T so, Andre. Say that foolish mask, the new wrestling togs, and the incredibly inventive name—Giant Machine—aren't intended to fool your fans and deceive your enemies. I mean, you can toss a bedsheet over the Eiffel Tower and call it Lefrak City and you can paint spots on a house cat and call it a leopard, but who the heck's gonna believe you?

So by donning the mask and running around in a new costume under a clever pseudonym, Andre, you were trying to make a point, correct? You are subtly telling WWF President Jack Tunney to take his suspension and stick it where the sun rarely makes guest appearances. You are saying in effect that the reason you didn't wrestle three scheduled matches, including a tag team match against King Kong Bundy and Big



As if any additional proof was needed, in Japan Giant Machine is managed by Wakamatsu, the same man who handles Andre the Giant.

John Studd—which precipitated this whole brouhaha—was because you were fed up with the same opponents month in, month out, for what seemed like a hundred years and threatened to suffocate you like a giant blanket. You were implying that you were ready, willing, and anxious to abandon your designated role as wrestling's enforcer, in favor, perhaps of some personal glory.

Personal glory? Andre the Giant seeking personal glory?

Like, God forbid, a WWF title shot?

Yes! Yeah! Yeah! (using today's slang because ol' Matt is still hip), that's the ticket. A title shot to call your very own. A singles match against the WWF champion. Not a four-on-one, I'll fight you with one hand tied behind my back handicap match. Not a loser-loses-hair contest or if-you-can-slam-me-I'll-give-you-the-deed-to-a-Latin-American-country match.

Just your basic, ordinary man



vs. man, champ vs. challenger match. The type that Studd, Bundy, Adonis, Piper, Savage, Muraco, Roberts, Funk, and every fly-by-night rulebreaker who enters the WWF for more than a week seems to obtain.

Who wouldn't tire of battling every rulebreaking heavyweight while the glory, the belt, the cashola went to Hulk Hogan, Bob Backlund, Bruno Sammartino, Pedro Morales etc., etc.?

So Andre decided to make his stand. He decided to lodge his complaint, and if his style of protest was less than traditional, was more obtuse than most, well, would you expect anything less from a man/giant of 7'5", 485 pounds? Face it, people, when the Giant rages he rages.

Of course there is the chance that Andre isn't joking, that he's taking this masquerade seriously and feels he is legitimately duping the public, the WWF officials, the vendors in the stands . . .



The Giant Machine applies a stranglehold to the famous Japanese wrestler Sakaguchi. With or without a mask, Andre is an awesome competitor.

Say it ain't so, Andre.

Because if it is so, if Andre is actually trying to put one over on us, then this rhubarb will dwarf

the Jimmy Jack Funk episode and make the scenes from Uncle Elmer's wedding seem downright serious. And I'm not kidding. Hiding Andre the Giant—arguably the most recognizable wrestler in the world—under a mask is not one of your all-time great moves. I know the French think differently from you and me, but this is ridiculous.

When Jack Tunney answers accusations that Andre and the Giant Machine are one and the same by saying that until there is conclusive evidence—until the Machine is unmasked, that is—he is satisfied that there is no ongoing monkey business, he is engaging more his sense of business acumen than in fulfilling the duties of his office. After all, Andre is one of the WWF's biggest drawing cards and, having promised to suspend the Giant if he does prove to be the Giant Machine, would compromise the

(Continued on page 56)

JIM AND RONNIE GARVIN: BLOOD BROTHERS OR BROTHERS IN BLOOD?



Ronnie, Jimmy, and Terry switched off as tag team partners in 1974. Jimmy managed Ronnie and Terry for some time and also teamed with his brothers.

IT HAD BEEN one of those days for Ronnie Garvin. One of those days that makes a guy wonder whether events of that morning hadn't actually occurred a day ago. Or a week ago. Or even a month. Thinking was the last thing on Ronnie Garvin's mind. A long, cool drink, maybe a bite to eat or a few minutes in front of the television. Then off to bed. Tomorrow would be another one of those days. It was one in the morning. The phone rang.

Who could it be? A promoter? Too late. What promoter would call at this hour? A fan? No way. Popularity with the fans has its price, and the cost to

Ronnie Garvin is an unlisted number. There's a time for fans, and there's a time for privacy. Ronnie Garvin considered just letting the phone ring, and it did. A seventh time, and then an eighth. An important call. It must be. He picked up the receiver.

"Hello, Ronnie!" said the voice on the other end. "It's Wahoo! I just called to see how you were doing."

"I'm fine," said Garvin, "but it's been a long day. How about if I call you back tomorrow?"

Garvin put down the phone, but the damage had been done. Now, it was going to be an even longer night. How could it not be? Wahoo McDaniel is

one of his best friends, almost like a brother. But Garvin's real brother, Jim, had returned to the World Championship area vowing to get Wahoo. A vicious triangle. Ronnie and Wahoo. Wahoo and Jim. Jim and Ronnie. Blood is thicker than water. That's easy to say. And right is stronger than wrong. Ronnie picked up his scrapbook.

Flashback: Summer 1985, Montreal, Canada. Birthplace of Ronnie and Jim Garvin. This charming, cosmopolitan city is the scene of a bloody war between Dino Bravo, Gino Brito, Jr., and Jim Garvin. But it's also the scene of a homecoming. Ronnie is back in

Jim Garvin and Ronnie Garvin are wrestling in the same area and, strangely, nothing has been said about their relationship. Try as they might to ignore the situation, forces are pulling them together. Will they end up arm-in-arm—or with hands around each other's throats?



Both Ronnie and Jim can be ruthless in the ring. Here, Jim puts the pressure on a helpless Sam Houston (above) and prepares to put the finishing touches on Keith Larson (below).

Montreal to help Jim with this battle, oblivious to the boos of the crowd. Brotherly love has its price, but the partnership lasts only one match. "I'm your brother, aren't I?" Ronnie had said. "Blood is thicker than water, right?"

"REUNION!" shouted the headline in *The Wrestler*. "The Return Of The Garvin Brothers!" Ronnie closed his scrapbook. Is it necessary to support your brother, even when he's wrong? "I'll stay out of this," Ronnie thought, but how could he when he's right in the middle?

Jim Garvin, on the other hand, is singleminded in his purpose. "I've

come to get that fat Indian Wahoo McDaniel," he shouts. "My brother? He has nothing to do with this. It's not my fault that he chooses to associate with a worthless piece of trash like McDaniel. It's only a matter of time before that Indian and I get into the ring, and when we do I'm going to tear him to pieces!"

But there's more to this than Ronnie, Jimmy, and Wahoo. There's another person involved in this triangle, making it a four-sided square in which the points are joined but never touch. An overprotective girlfriend is often a threat to a family's bind, and Precious, Jimmy's valet, is no different.

"What does he need Ronnie for when he has me?" asks Precious. "Anyway, what kind of brother is Ronnie if he's best friends with Wahoo

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BARRY WINDHAM'S NWA MISSION: HUMILIATE RIC FLAIR!

It was Barry Windham's first NWA World title match in almost two years. And once his battle with Ric Flair was over, he realized that he wanted to take more than Flair's belt—he also wanted to take his pride and self-esteem.

THE LATE SATURDAY sun was still about a hour away from setting, but the shadows cast by one high school in suburban Tampa had already placed much of the school's football field, and one end of the quarter-mile track oval, in virtual darkness.

If one squinted, though, a lone figure was barely perceptible. And as that figure jogged from darkness into faintly orange daylight, a bit of the darkness seemed to trail along behind him.

Cad in navy blue sweat pants and matching jogging jacket, Barry Windham completed his final lap of the afternoon. He stopped by a gym bag he had left on the ground, pulled out a jar of water, and took a deep drink. He then began moving in small circles, half jogging and half walking, as he allowed his body's muscles and circulatory system to cool down from the intensity of the workout.

"Gotta keep my stamina tops," Windham said between heavy breaths of air. "Man, it feels great to be back in Florida again. The weather down here is the best. I'd much rather exercise outside than have to go from a heated gym outside into the snow."

Windham took another drink of



water, and offered the jar to the reporter, who politely refused. Windham then removed a white towel from the gym bag and draped it around his neck.

"I guess you want to talk about my match with Flair last week."

The reporter nodded, and pointed out that it had been Windham's first NWA championship match in nearly two years.

"Yeah, it was something," Windham said. "I got a lot of grief from fans when I was in the WWF—NWA fans who thought I'd given up on Flair and the NWA title. And now that I'm back, I'm getting a lot of support. I mean a lot of support. It's great."

"For the last few days I've been doing some mental analysis of my match with Flair," Windham continued. "I've been trying to compare this match with the last match I had with Flair before I left a couple of years back. And you know something?"

The reporter looked intently into Windham's eyes, seeking to discern the answer in the moment before it was spoken. The answer that came surprised him a little bit.

"Flair is a worse wrestler today than he was two years ago," Windham said. "He hasn't matured at all. In fact, if anything, he's gotten a bit frantic in his style. I think, objectively, that he's scared. He's got Dusty Rhodes breathing down his neck. And Ronnie Garvin. And Magnum T.A., Nikita Koloff, and myself. And Lex Lugar is moving into line for title shots, too. And that's just the tip of the iceberg."

"I mean, think of it. What is Ric Flair without the NWA title? Nothing. Take the NWA World tag team belts away from The Rock 'n' Roll Express, and they're still a magnificent tag team. Take the World belt away from Flair, and he collapses like a table with three legs. He puts so much stock into that title, he can barely survive without it. You

know the rap, 'I'm the man, the champion, custom made from head to toe, gold and diamond rings to match the gold and diamond belt.' Sound familiar?

"But just imagine Flair without the title. He'll collapse like a house of cards in a Florida hurricane."

Windham smiled at the analogy, perhaps picturing a weather map with "Hurricane Bany" just off the coast of Ft. Lauderdale.

"I'm the first one to say that Flair is a fine wrestler, and I'll give him his due. He's one of the very best ever. But he needs to be knocked down a peg. Actually, I think he needs to lose that title, because it'll make him a better man. The fear will be gone, the ego

(Continued on page 57)

Windham has Flair in a head scissor but is unable to apply the finishing touches. Flair's ability to get out of difficult situations has accounted for his success in defending the NWA World title.



HULK HOGAN: Where Does He Rate Among Past WWF Champions?



BUDDY ROGERS

Title reign: Early 1963 (won a tournament) through May 17, 1963 (lost to Bruno Sammartino).

Biggest strength: Superb scientific skills, including one of the best figure-four leglocks in history.

Biggest weakness: Lacked the raw strength necessary to overcome most opponents at will.

Other comments: Known as "The Nature Boy" . . . Won a tournament for the title early in 1963 shortly after formation of WWF . . . Held the NWA belt from June 30, 1961 (won from Pat O'Connor), through January 24,

1963 (lost the title to Lou Thesz) . . . Claims to have invented the figure-four leglock.



BRUNO SAMMARTINO

Title reigns: May 17, 1963 (defeated Buddy Rogers) through January 18, 1971 (lost to Ivan Koloff); December 10, 1973 (defeated Stan Stasiak) through April 30, 1977 (lost to Superstar Graham).

Biggest strength: During his prime, was arguably the strongest man in the entire sport.

Biggest weakness: Had to learn

scientific skills through experience, rather than bringing amateur skills to the sport.

Other comments: Only two-time WWF champion ever . . . Combined reign of nearly 11 years . . . May 17, 1963, defeat of Rogers took only 48



IVAN KOLOFF

Title reign: January 18, 1971 (defeated Bruno Sammartino) through February 8, 1971 (lost to Pedro Morales).

Biggest strength: A solid mixture of speed, strength, science, and

Well into his third year as WWF heavyweight champion, Hulk Hogan will undoubtedly go down in history as one of the most visible media celebrities of the '80s. But how does he stack up against the eight other men who have worn the WWF heavyweight belt?

The editorial staff of this magazine debated the question and decided to rank the nine champions in order of excellence. Criteria for this vote included

caliber of championship opposition, length of title reign, all-round wrestling skill and ability, and what the individual champion did for the sport during his reign:

WWF CHAMPION RATINGS: 1—*Bruno Sammartino;*

2—*Hulk Hogan; 3—Bob Backlund; 4—Buddy Rogers;*

5—Superstar Graham; 6—Pedro Morales; 7—Ivan Koloff; 8—The Iron Sheik; 9—Stan Stasiak.

History, of course, will ultimately answer this very difficult question. These ratings, plus the thumbnail sketches of past WWF champions, will be useful in helping you decide the Hulkster's place among some of wrestling's perennial legends.

sodium.

Biggest weakness: Came too much weight during his championship tenure, which hindered his stamina.

Other comments: Known as "The Russian Bear" . . . Held the title for only three weeks . . . Currently working with his nephew Nikita to gain control of the NWA.



PEDRO MORALES

Title reign: February 8, 1971
(defeated Ivan Koloff) through

(Continued on page 58)



HOMER

HULK HOGAN

A Living Doll



MAGNUM T.A.

THERE'S A CERTAIN quality to the sound of the fans' cheers that changes, depending on who is being cheered. It's difficult to discern, but if you listen closely you can definitely identify it.

A lot of that quality has to do with the give-and-take aspect of what happens in the ring before or after—or even during—a match. Dusty Rhodes, for example, has a very unique relationship with his fans: They identify with Dusty's soulful definition of the American dream, and they feel they know Dusty personally because of the way Dusty lays his soul bare in interviews.

This is not to say that fans don't identify with other wrestlers, or that those wrestlers aren't honest with the fans. It simply says that the motivation for those cheers may be different, depending on the individual wrestler. When fans cheer for Kerry Von Erich, for example, they identify with his sense of family and his commitment to physical excellence.

Fans cheer for different wrestlers for different reasons, and each wrestler reacts to those cheers in vastly different ways. A crowd of 20,000 cheering for Dusty Rhodes is going to sound different than the same crowd cheering for Kerry Von Erich. Or Jimmy "Boogie Woogie Man" Valiant. Or "Raging Bull" Manny Fernandez.

Or Magnum T.A.

The way the fans cheer for Magnum T.A., and the way T.A. responds to those cheers, offers a tip-of-the-iceberg clue to the largely unseen personality of the U.S. heavyweight champion.

"Magnum T.A., you see, is a mystery to all of us," said Dusty Rhodes. "My man T.A. is one of the most



HE'S GOT MILLIONS OF FANS, BUT HE'S THE LONELIEST MAN IN WRESTLING

Magnum T.A. is more popular now than at any other time in his career. But he's quickly learning that adulation does not necessarily lead to satisfaction—and Magnum likes it that way!



Left: Magnum T.A. squeezes the head of Nikita Koloff. Notice the look of intensity on T.A.'s face. Above: T.A.'s standing chinlock will leave Tully Blanchard with a pain in the neck for days.

popular men in the whole wrestling world. And when he comes into the ring, now, you see that he may shake hands with some fans, but look at the man's eyes. The eyes are the gateway to the soul, you understand what I'm saying? Look at the man's eyes, and you will see an intensity that tells you that the man's mind is on one thing and one thing only: pinning the shoulders of the other man in the ring to the mat for three seconds.

"Now myself," Dusty continued, "I like to get down and boogie with my people, you see, get down and get funky! Yeah, let's get funky! But Magnum, my man Magnum, he's a serious dude, all business. I know he appreciates those cheers, and I know that the fans know it, too, but I think that the fans also see what kind of seriousness Magnum is, and



Above: Magnum discusses prematch strategy with his closest friend, Dusty Rhodes. Above right: Although basically a loner, Magnum will gladly sign autographs for fans. Below: T.A. poses with his proud parents, Mr. and Mrs. Allen. Right: Ric Flair goes up and over in a recent NWA title match.





they respect that, because they respect what the man can do."

Manny Fernandez concurs with Dusty's statements.

"Don't ever think that Magnum doesn't appreciate the fans," Fernandez said, "or that he doesn't hear their cheers. He does on both counts. But Magnum's kind of odd. He comes to the arena about an hour before his match, conducts any business he has to conduct during that hour, does some warmups, wrestles, and leaves right after he showers. It's almost like the stories you used to hear about Elvis, where

T.A. looks out to the crowd for support as Ric Flair grimaces on the mat. After the matches are over, though, T.A. is out of the arena as quickly as he can shower and dress.

he'd sneak out the door of the arena after his concert. Magnum seems to have that same quality. And any time I've seen Magnum come or go, he's never had anyone with him. He's always been alone."

Psychiatrist Dr. Lawrence Maltin, Medical Director of ARP (Applied Research in Psychobiology), and a close follower of NWA wrestling, offered his own unique perspective on

the situation.

"At ARP, what we do is study the athlete in all facets of his professional athletic experience," Dr. Maltin explained. "We do research in psychobiology, which deals with the combined physical and emotional experiences that a professional athlete undergoes."

"And while we haven't worked with professional wrestlers directly," Dr. Maltin continued, "we have worked with professional athletes in football, baseball, basketball, and hockey, and I feel that a lot of our findings in those areas apply to professional wrestling as well."

"I've been following the development of Magnum T.A. very closely," Dr. Maltin explained, "because I feel he is a very unique case in professional wrestling. He is obviously a loner by nature, a man who is respectful of others, of his fans and his peers, but who prefers to spend his time away from the ring in solitude."

"I wouldn't be surprised to find that Magnum T.A. is a very lonely man," Dr. Maltin said. "It's almost like the professional comedian who goes on stage and receives laughs to compensate for his own perceived emotional inadequacies. I see some of those same elements present in Magnum T.A., and frankly, I would welcome the opportunity to sit down and discuss his professional life sometime."

In interviews, Magnum T.A. is somewhat reclusive, preferring to spend most of his time talking about his in-the-ring activities rather than his personal life. If he talks about his personal life at all, it's with a touch of humor. He doesn't like to reveal much about himself.

Until Magnum T.A. chooses to discuss his innermost feelings and fears—which is not likely to happen in the near future—perhaps the comment about Magnum made by Manny Fernandez is the most telling of all:

"Anytime I've seen Magnum come or go, he's never had anyone with him. He's always been alone." □

The Squeeze Is On WILL THE FANTASTICS BE FORCED OUT OF THE UWF?



The UWF's most hated rulebreakers have bound together to form an association that threatens the very existence of Tommy Rogers and Bobby Fulton. Their goal: run The Fantastics out of town



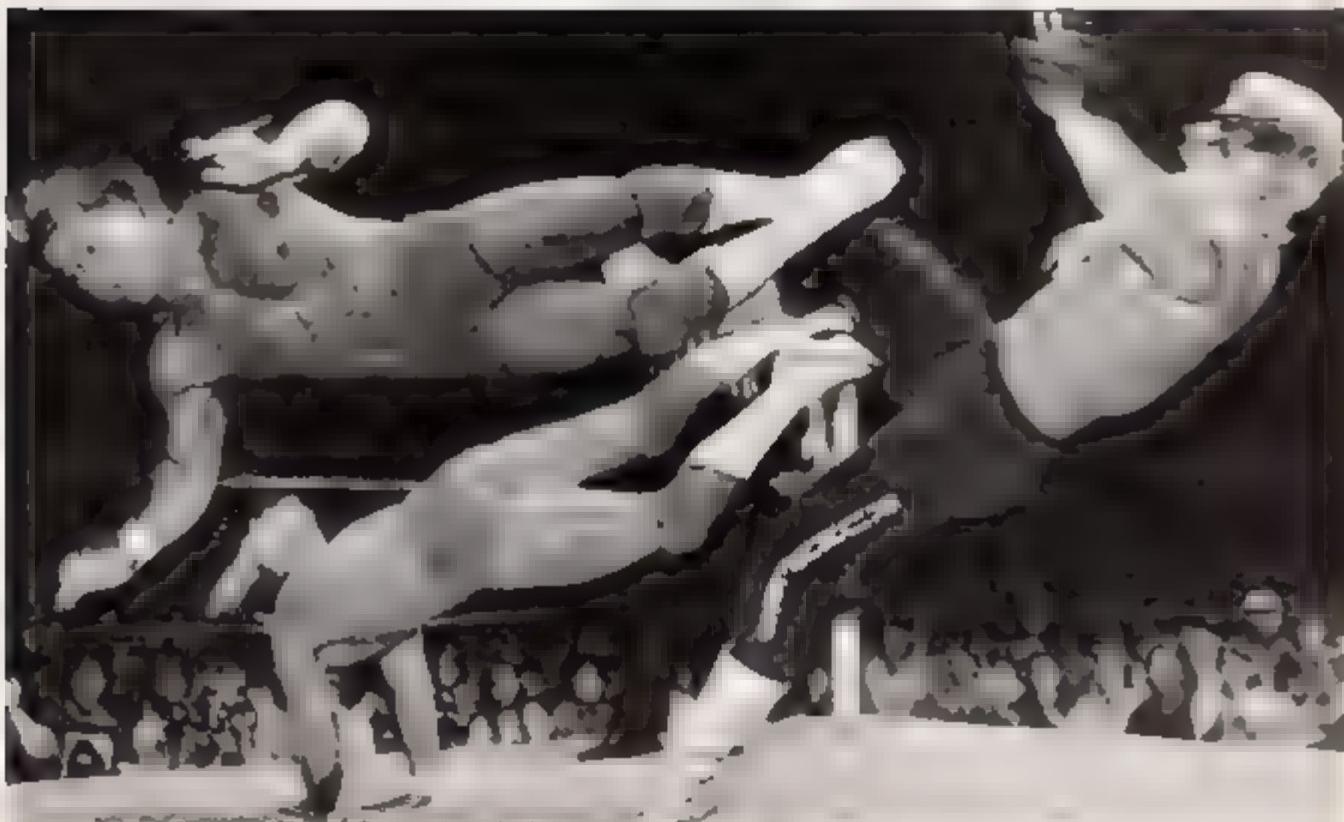
Tommy Rogers looks to his partner, Bobby Fulton, as he puts the squeeze on Eddie Gilbert (above). Rogers and Fulton display one of their specialties, a double dropkick (below)—but Sting isn't too appreciative of their aerial skills!

TAKE ONE LOOK at Missy Hyatt's sprawling mansion and it's obvious that the occupant is nothing more than a spoiled rich girl who is always asking for more. Her backyard is equipped with an Olympic-sized swimming pool, although Missy doesn't swim (she prefers to lounge at poolside) and a brand new tennis court, although Missy doesn't play tennis.

Inside, she has a kitchen that would be the envy of any gourmet chef, although Missy doesn't cook, a private executive study, although Missy doesn't do much paper work, and a bedroom that makes an Oriental geisha house look like the confessional in a Roman Catholic church. Missy gets considerable use out of this area of the house.

"One of my favorite places," laughs Eddie Gilbert as he is greeted at the door of Missy Hyatt's own Taj Mahal. Hey, Sting, will ya just check out this place. This is what I call living in luxury.

(Continued on page 62)



MASKED WRESTLERS

PUZZLE

Masked wrestlers have been popular for more than 30 years. There are many reasons a man decides to don a mask—sometimes it's to hide his identity, sometimes it's to give his features a meaner look, and sometimes it's done just to psych out prospective opponents. Don't you get psyched out—we've masked the names of 12 all-time great hooded wrestlers. See how many you can find.

Names are hidden vertically, horizontally, and diagonally. Good luck!

Time Limit: 21 Minutes

NAMES HIDDEN IN THE PUZZLE:

ASSASSINS • DESTROYER • DOS CARAS • EXECUTIONERS • FALCON • FIRE • FLAME • MACHINES • MASCARAS • SPOILER • SUPERSTAR • WRESTLING II •



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The year-end issue of *Pro Wrestling Illustrated* is always the most anticipated wrestling magazine of the year. And the 1985 year-end issue (March 1986 cover date) was the best one we ever published. At 92 pages, it was our biggest magazine ever and, in addition to the year-end features PWI readers have come to expect, it contained eight full-color pages. We have limited supplies of this now-sold-out, so don't be disappointed twice. Order your copy today. Only \$5.00.

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READER RESPONSE

(Continued from page 6)

Magnum T.A.: Dusty Rhodes Wants Your U.S. Title." Fall 1986), Peter King seemed to infer that the two friends might compete against each other. I find it hard to believe that Magnum and Dusty would ever square off for any title, even one as prestigious as the U.S. championship.

There are plenty of other competitors in the World Championship area to keep both men occupied for a long time, men like Ric Flair, Nikita Koloff, The Midnight Express, the Andersons, and others. Dusty and Magnum will be on top together, not divided, for a long time to come.

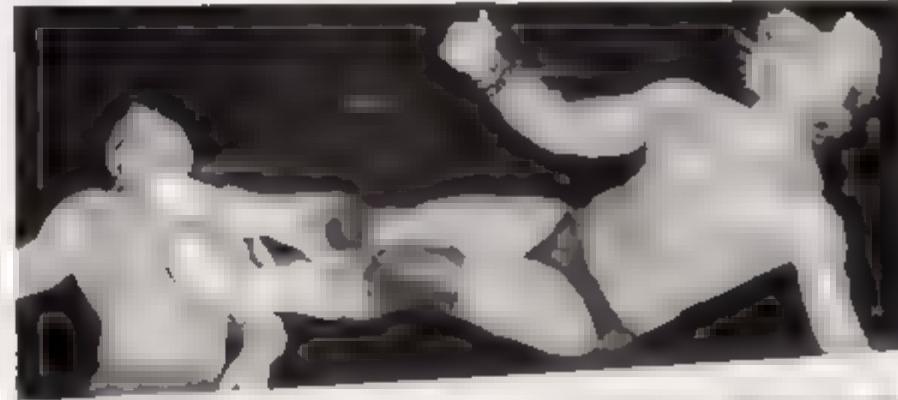
THOMAS OSMAN
Marietta, GA

GO BACK WINDHAM

"The Young Lion," Barry Windham, is beyond any shadow of a doubt one of the most talented wrestlers in the world today. As a

the Victory Sports Wrestling article "Barry Windham: The Man Who Said No to the WWF" (Fall 1986 issue), he says that the WWF puts more emphasis on merchandising than it does on pure wrestling. This is true to some extent, but the fact is that the greatest wrestlers and the best matches to be seen anywhere are taking place in the WWF. A great athlete like Windham belongs in such an organization.

In Florida, Windham is simply wasting time. He worries too much about his brother Kendall and gets bogged down in ridiculous feuds with Idiots like Ron Bass and Sir Oliver Humperdink. The only good thing that's happening in Windham's career right now is his teaming with Lex Lugar, a fellow superstar. Think of what that team could do in the WWF. Better yet, Windham and Mike Rotunda should get the rea-



Ed "The Bull" Gartner feels the full brunt of a Barry Windham flying dropkick. Frank Cappetta says that Windham is one of the most talented men in wrestling.

singles wrestler, Windham is a perennial contender for the NWA World title, and he makes anyone he teams up with look like a champion. It is for those reasons Windham should return to the WWF.

Although I have a great deal of respect for his opinion, I think Barry is wrong about the WWF. In

"U.S. Express" rolling again (sorry, Dan Spivey). They would give the British Bulldogs their stiffest challenge yet.

For the good of your career, Barry, go back to the WWF. It'll be the wisest move you'll ever make.

FRANK CAPPETTA
Darien, CT □

NIKITA KOLOFF

(Continued from page 10)

con of hate and brutality, a vocabulary that Graham would reluctantly come to understand. Koloff casts shadows over small buildings and he towered over the psychedelically clad Graham—in itself an unsettling sight. Remembered by many for his awesome physique, Graham scaled like a toy soldier against the Russian giant.

Conceding to the whims of history, the wrestlers began the match with a test of strength. Graham, who had outmuscled Bruno Sammartino to win the WWF title back in '77, surprised the Russian with a swift surge of power to gain the early advantage. With tendons and veins pulsating in rhythm to the crowd's cheers, Graham forced Koloff down to one knee. Yet, there was something odd about Koloff's submission; it lacked the panic one might expect. The strength of the Russian Thunderclap had never been tested; muscular dominance had always been assumed and opponents sought other strategies to defeat him. Even the mighty Road Warriors relied more on elbows and punches than risk flirting with Koloff's awesome reservoir of muscle.

The whites of Koloff's eyes shot open, and a thin, bloodless smile passed his lips. Graham's own eyes closed as he redoubled his efforts, although he might have prayed for the darkness to shield him from the obvious, shattering truth. Nikita Koloff was toying with him. Koloff had not yet exercised a muscle, not flexed a bicep; nary a bead of sweat stained his brow. Tiring of the charade, Koloff rose to his full 77 inches and sent Graham screaming to his knees with an effortless flick of the wrist. Koloff sent his boot into the Superstar's throat and turned away in triumph and disgust.

Graham was in shock, as he would tell reporters later, but years of martial arts training allowed him to disguise it. Never in his career had he encountered

(Continued on page 50)

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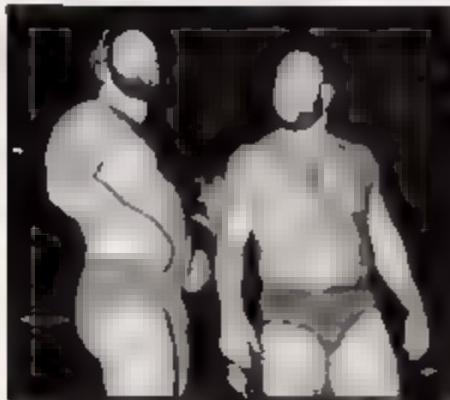
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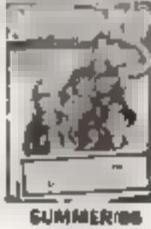
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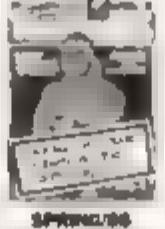
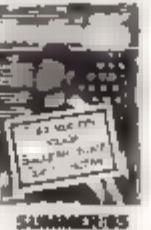
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NIKITA KOLOFF

(Continued from page 47)

such a force as this Nikita Koloff. But his 20 years of experience told him not to betray the fear that threatened to tie his stomach into knots.

He roared back at Koloff and sucker-punched the Russian in the back. He kicked Koloff square in the grain. He applied a deadly Taiwanese nervehold to Koloff's neck. He embraced Koloff in his trademark finishing maneuver, the bear hug.

Koloff continued to flinch off every Graham offensive as if his challenger were a pesky fly. The end came when Nikita wrapped his mammoth arms around Graham and simply squeezed the life out of his uncle's old enemy. He dropped Graham limply to the mat and covered him for the pin. In the final indignity, Ivan Koloff stormed into the ring, picked Graham off the mat and scored with a well-aimed kick to the Superstar's face. The two Russians stormed out of the ring triumphantly, ignoring the derisive calls of the crowd.

After several tense moments, Graham rose to his feet and lumbered back to the dressing room. "It will take a dramatic revision in strategy, but mark my words, I will return and defeat both of those Russian sonofabitches," Graham said. "Consider this a learning experience. I just went back to school for the day."

With victory such a casual event, there were no celebrations in the Russians' locker room. Ivan Koloff did pause on his way out to inform reporters that, "If Mr. Graham still wonders why I left him in the ring 13 years ago, his embarrassing performance tonight is my answer. Russians do not tolerate or associate with inferiority."

Outside, winter threw a dying March gust at two shirt-sleeved figures as they approached their car. The taller one reared back his head and laughed; his uncle glanced up at him with pride and admiration. Not even the forces of nature can intimidate Nikita Koloff any longer. □

COL. DeBEERS

(Continued from page 12)

proponent of the South African segregation policy of apartheid, combines his personal philosophies with the most violent array of ring tactics. DeBeers has made no bones about his desire to rid the world of "those hideous minority groups."

On a recent radio call-in show, special guest DeBeers slandered the blacks, Hispanics, Jews, and Italians, claiming the increased mingling of ethnic groups is resulting in the rapid decline of South Africa. "If something drastic isn't done soon," he said to a startled interviewer, "Johannesburg will resemble one of your American cesspools, like New York or Chicago."

"If violence is what it takes to rid my city of these horrible creatures, then violence is the answer. Because, as you can see, if these blacks are given free reign to do as they please, society will absolutely disintegrate."

It is ironic that Hall was one of the first wrestlers DeBeers tried to recruit for his campaign of hate. Hall remembers being so utterly repulsed by the muscular foreigner that he just turned and walked away.

"I thought he was kidding," Hall recalls now. "He approached me and said, 'You look like a bloody good bloke, you look like one of us.' He wanted to form a team that would tour the country beating up black wrestlers. He wanted to send the videotapes back home to anti-apartheid groups as a warning of the impending violence that they would be exposed to. He actually thought such an idea had merit."

"The man is an animal. He is not a human being. I can't wait to beat the crap out of him."

Since coming to the AWA, DeBeers has not limited his attacks to members of minority groups. He is an equal opportunity purveyor of venom and brutality, a man, despite his claims, possessed by a hate of all mankind. He has delivered unprovoked attacks upon

(Continued on page 52)

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COL. DeBEERS

(Continued from page 51)

such wrestlers as Sgt. Slaughter and Nick Bockwinkel, and has been known to beat hapless preliminary grapplers to within an inch of the intensive care ward.

DeBeers scoffs at his critics. "I'm a pro wrestler, mate, not a florist. If anyone's got a problem with my ways, let 'em come and talk to me in person I'll set 'em straight."

"All this talk about me hating the black man has been trumpeted out of proportion by you Yankee yellow journalists. I have nothing against any man except my opponents. If you don't have a killer instinct, you don't belong in this sport."

"Philosophically, I believe the black man is better off serving the white man. His problems are taken care of. He lives in peace and is fed at regular intervals. But if they want their independence, then who am I to stand in their way?"

If DeBeers' condescension toward minorities rattles you, it positively infu-

nates Hall. "I can't believe in this day and age people like DeBeers exist," he says. "It's a fact of wrestling that rule-breakers preach hate and unwarranted violence. Their tactics are based upon what they need to survive in the ring. But out of the ring, most of the guys are all right. They're family men."

"I've never taken a public platform on any issue, but this time I can't be silenced. Col. DeBeers is in deep trouble. His value system is in need of overhaul. I'm going to send him on a long vacation so he'll have the time to think. I just hope all of his doctors and nurses are black."

For Hall, this match, against a wrestler of DeBeers' formidable dimensions, may prove to be his biggest yet. Should he fulfill his prognostication and defeat DeBeers, then a title shot against Nick Bockwinkel should not be long in the offing.

But as he's repeated several times, this match isn't for professional reasons. "This one is purely personal." □

FREEBIRDS

(Continued from page 18)

have us believe. "You get a guy like Kerry Von Erich. He's pretty to look at with his cut muscles, but I'm willing to waggle a month's rent that I attract as many girls as he does, even with a little gut."

"But, that's not the point. You got the Von Erichs, who all watch what they eat, work out 12 hours a day, get eight hours of sleep—for what? We kick their butts from one turnbuckle to another."

"Show him how we train, Barron."

Gordy picked up a turkey leg from the floor, dusted it off, and chewed on it. He washed down the day-old poultry with a slug of flat Lowenbrau, moved slowly to the 50-pound

dumbbells, picked one up, and reeled off a set of 15 quick curls. When he was finished, he threw the weight across the room, where his partner Roberts, accustomed to the routine, caught it and muscled out a set of his own. "People can't stand it because we have so much damn fun," Hayes said. "I'll be damned if I'm gonna spend my creative years tied to some stupid weight machine. Life is for raising hell and getting paid for it. Go tell that to the Heidiggers and the Von Erichs. Tell whoever wants to know that The Freebirds are alive and kicking out the jams better than ever. Anyone who underestimates us does so at their own risk. We are here to stay."

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GIANT MACHINE

(Continued from page 29)

WWF's cash flow. It might even get poor Tunney-caught as he is between a rock, a hard place, and a Giant-fired.

Yet it's hard to feel sorry for Tunney (especially since he's on record as saying that the Giant Machine could be the Giant Baba, a relative beanpole of a wrestler, standing seven feet tall, weighing 300 pounds, and who looks like Andre like I look like Andre). As president of the Federation, he theoretically has the power to not only grant Andre the Giant a title shot—which he has deserved for some time—but to abolish the unwritten law prohibiting the matching of two scientific wrestlers.

But, of course, we know Tunney to be nothing more than a mouthpiece for Vince McMahon, subservient to his boss' every wish. As Andre makes his way to the States with his partners, Super Machines I and II (who, according to my sources are actually The Masked Superstar and Blackjack Mulligan) in tow, Bobby Heenan, Bundy, and Studd are banging the doors to Tunney's office down in protest.

Suddenly the biggest rulebreakers in the WWF are demanding that justice be served, that the Giant be exposed for the Andre he is, and that his temporary suspension become a permanent one. I wonder why?

It's up to McMahon and Tunney to put a stop to this foolishness. For failing to report for three matches, Andre deserves to be punished. But his complaints are valid. For his years of loyal service, Andre the Giant deserves a title shot. Let someone else take care of Bundy, Studd and the rest of the WWF's rule-breaking creeps. Give the big guy a break. □

THE GARVINS

(Continued from page 31)

McDaniel? Friends say a lot about a person's character. To tell you the truth, sometimes I find it hard to believe that Jimmy and Ronnie are really brothers. Maybe something happened in the hospital when Ronnie was born, a mixup in the maternity ward, I don't know.

"And how about some of the things that Ronnie has said about me? I'm all that Jimmy could ever ask for. Ronnie is jealous of our relationship. Let me put it this way: Jimmy has me, Ronnie has an overweight Indian. Who do you think is better off?"

A good question, one that is constantly on Ronnie Garvin's mind. "She wants to know who's better off?" he asked. "Is that it, all cut and dried? Precious has no values and I'll tell you this, she doesn't give a damn about my brother. All she cares about is herself. I really think that Jimmy was ready to

forget about this whole damn thing with Wahoo, but Precious wouldn't let him. He's gonna have to work this out for himself. I can't get involved.

"There are certain things I care about. I do care about my brother, but I also care about wrestling. There's a right way to wrestle and a wrong way to wrestle. The fans have shown unequivocal support for me. The fans are the final judge. They know what's right and what's wrong. I'm willing to help my brother. I did it last year. But some things have to change."

Apparently, however, change will not be easily attainable. Blood is thicker than water, but the relationship between Jimmy and Precious is thicker than both. And the war between Jimmy Garvin and Wahoo McDaniel cannot be tossed aside. It must be fought to a bloody finale in which there are no winners. Only losers. □

BARRY WINDHAM

(Continued from page 33)

will be brought back down to earth, and as the ego goes so goes the man.

"See, I don't want just the title, although that's always the main consideration when you step into the ring with Flair," Windham explained. "I also want to bring the guy down to earth. I mean, all his strutting and stroking and bragging and bull don't amount to a hill of beans if he can't back it up."

Windham placed the empty water jar in his gym bag. He took the towel, swabbed his head and briskly rubbed his sweaty arms dry, and threw it on top of the jar. After zipping the gym bag closed, Windham looked up into the orange Florida sky. Nighttime was but minutes away.

"And you know something?"

Windham said as he rebled his sneakers, "I don't mind being the guy who brings Flair back to earth. And if I have to humiliate him to do it, if I have to point out to everyone what he's become, then that's okay, too."

Windham began strolling across the dark football field toward the car he left in the school parking lot. The reporter began walking in the opposite direction toward the car he left a few blocks away. After a few steps, the reporter could hear a voice shout from out of the darkness.

"And if I can take the NWA belt in the bargain . . ."

The sentence was left incomplete. The reporter smiled, knowing that Windham was probably smiling, too. □

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BILLY HOGAN

(Continued from page 35)

December 1, 1973 (lost to Stan Stasiak).

Biggest strength: An incredible championship heart that enabled him to battle from behind when necessary.

Biggest weakness: Possessed too short a temper, which caused him to fall behind quickly in important matches.

Other comments: A very versatile scientific wrestler . . . Wrestled Bruno Sammartino to a one-hour draw. Two-time holder of the WWF Intercontinental title.

STAN STASIAK

Title reign: December 1, 1973 (defeated Pedro Morales) through December 10, 1973 (lost to Bruno Sammartino).

Biggest strength: A devastating finishing maneuver in the heart punch.

Biggest weakness: A very poor defensive wrestler.

Other comments: Holds the dubious distinction of being the man to wear the WWF belt for shortest amount of time . . . His victory over Morales was a surprise, as Stasiak was a 5-1 underdog at the time . . . Managed by The Grand Wizard.

SUPERSTAR GRAHAM

Title reign: April 30, 1977 (defeated Bruno Sammartino) through February 20, 1978 (lost to Bob Backlund).

Biggest strength: Possessed the most powerful arms in wrestling.

Biggest weakness: Lacked any significant level of scientific ability.

Other comments: Controversy marred Graham's title win as he pinned Sammartino while his feet were pressed against the turnbuckles . . . Controversy followed Graham to the end of his reign—when Backlund won the belt, Graham's foot rested on the bottom rope.

(Continued on page 60)

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HULK HOGAN

(Continued from page 58)

BOB BACKLUND

Title reign: February 20, 1978 (defeated Superstar Graham) through December 26, 1983 (lost to The Iron Sheik)

Biggest strength: A remarkable scientific arsenal enabled him to battle any competitor on an equal

Biggest weakness: Too often lured into brawls where his scientific skills would prove ineffective.

Other comments: Held the title for nearly six years . . . Defended the belt against a virtual Who's Who of professional wrestling . . . Claims he never submitted to Sheik's came clutch; his manager Arnold Skaas and threw in the towel for him.

THE IRON SHEIK

Title reign: December 26, 1983 (defeated Bob Backlund) through January 23, 1984 (lost to Hulk Hogan).

Biggest strength: Underestimated scientific excellence

Biggest weakness: Manager Fred Blassie's strategies were better suited to brawlers than scientific masters.

Other comments: Injured Bob Backlund's back only days prior to defeating him for the belt . . . Competed in the 1968 Olympics for Iran . . . His pro style is characterized by a sadistic streak of evil.

HULK HOGAN

Title reign: January 23, 1984 (defeated The Iron Sheik) through present.

Biggest strength: Physical dominance of virtually any opponent.

Biggest weakness: Repertoire of moves and maneuvers is severely limited.

Other comments: Scored his title victory over the Sheik in only 5:40 . . . Has transcended wrestling to become a media celebrity . . . Continues to remain the most popular wrestler in the sport. □

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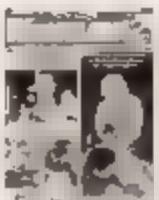
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FANTASTICS

(Continued from page 62)

There was Gilbert, who strategically managed to be no more than a foot away from Missy at any time, and Sting, who seemed strangely innocent in the company of the people he was with, except for the eerie makeup that he wore on his face. And then there was Missy, the only woman in the room, whose pink, low-cut maxi-mini and sensuous blue eyes somehow couldn't attract the attention of these eight strange men.

Finally, Gilbert called the meeting to order. "Gentlemen." Everyone looked around the room in wonderment. "We have a problem. Tommy Rogers and Bobby Fulton, The Fantastics, seem to have taken complete control of the minds of the officials in the UWF. My partner Sting and I easily won the title from them and clearly won our title defense, but those damn officials decided to hold up the belt."

Skandor Akbar interrupted. "If I am not mistaken, I believe it was the fault of your own father [referee Tommy Gilbert], am I not right?" he said. A hush fell over the room. Akbar looked around. He had said the wrong thing.

"My father had nothing to do with this," Gilbert continued. "We beat them, that's all there is to it, and all I know is that we no longer have the belts. I'm warning all of you guys. If we don't put an end to this, none of us will ever be UWF tag team champions or anything."

"So whaddya think we should do about it?" asked Hayes, knowing fully the answer to his question. His voice got louder and louder, until it reached a scream. "Drag The Fantastics' faces into the mat! Humiliate them totally! I

got it, why don't we just run them out of town, just like Watts tried to do with some of our guys. Put the squeeze on those two punks. We're gonna do it! Yeah! Freebird Fantasia!"

"Hot Stuff Inc. and Hyatt International!"

"Hyatt International and Hot Stuff Inc.!"

"Devastation Inc.!"

"Goodbye, Rogers and Fulton!"

This meeting had gotten out of hand, but that can happen when everybody starts agreeing with one another and patting each other on the back. But they had forgotten one thing: How were they going to run Rogers and Fulton out of town? At a combined weight of 462 pounds, The Fantastics are not the most physically imposing team in the UWF. Any combination of The Freebirds checks in at well over 500 pounds and One Man Gang, by himself, is heavier than The Fantastics.

Despite this, Rogers and Fulton have staying power. They survived a bloody, vicious feud with The Sheepherders, who finally left the UWF, and only lost the tag titles to Gilbert and Sting after Hyatt interfered. The Fantastics are young and ambitious, and they're the darlings of the UWF fans, but they have developed an inner toughness and outright rowdiness that has constantly baffled opponents.

Run The Fantastics out of town? Don't bet on it. But, certainly, this combination of eight vicious, rule-breaking men and one spoiled woman who is used to getting what she wants could cause Fulton and Rogers serious trouble. The battle lines have been drawn, and as Gilbert said as he left the meeting and headed for his limo, "There's nine of us and two of them. If they're gonna hold on, they're gonna have to nail every last one of us—and I don't think that's gonna happen." □

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Hulk Hogan

NWA

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243, Minneapolis, MN

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275, Moscow, Russia

2—**TULLY BLANCHARD**
235, San Antonio, TX

3—**DUSTY RHODES**
302, Austin, TX

4—**LEX LUGAR**
230, Chicago, IL

5—**MAGNUM T.A.**
345, Chesapeake, VA

6—**RONNIE GARVIN**
231, Montreal, Quebec

7—**BARRY WINDHAM**
236, Sweetwater, TX

8—**ARN ANDERSON**
242, Minneapolis, MN

9—**DICK MURDOCH**
270, Waxahachie, TX

10—**WENDELL COOLEY**
230, Milton, FL

TOP 10

- 1—**RIC FLAIR**
NWA World champion
243, Minneapolis, MN
- 2—**HULK HOGAN**
WWF World champion
302, Venice Beach, CA
- 3—**NIKITA KOLOFF**
U.S. heavyweight champion
275, Moscow, Russia
- 4—**TERRY GORDY**
UWF heavyweight champion
230, Chattanooga, TN
- 5—**RANDY SAVAGE**
WWF Intercontinental champion
245, Sarasota, FL
- 6—**NICK BOCKWINKEL**
AWA World champion
245, Beverly Hills, CA
- 7—**PAUL ORNDORFF**
No. 1 contender: WWF title
250, Brandon, FL
- 8—**LEX LUGAR**
Southern champion
230, Chicago, IL
- 9—**KEVIN VON ERICH**
No. 3 contender: World Class title
230, Denton, TX
- 10—**MAGNUM T.A.**
No. 1 contender: U.S. title
245, Chesapeake, VA

AWA

World Champion:

NICE BOCKWINKEL
245, Beverly Hills, CA

1—**LARRY ZBYSZKO**
240, Pittsburgh, PA

2—**SCOTT HALL**
230, Minneapolis, MN

3—**COL. DEBEERS**
265, Cape Town, South Africa

4—**JIMMY SNUKA**
251, Fiji Islands

5—**SILO SAM**
461, Baltimore, MD

6—**CURT HENNIG**
235, Minneapolis, MN

7—**BORIS ZUKHOV**
254, Leningrad, Russia

8—**JOHNNY RICH**
230, Hendersonville, TN

9—**BRAD RHEINGANS**
254, Albuquerque, NM

10—**KEN TIMBS**
235, Atlanta, GA

TAG TEAMS

- 1—**THE ROAD WARRIORS**
No. 2 contenders to NWA tag team title
Combined weight: 507 pounds
- 2—**THE ROCK 'N' ROLL EXPRESS**
NWA World tag team champions
Combined weight: 453 pounds
- 3—**THE BRITISH BULLDOGS**
WWF World tag team champions
Combined weight: 481 pounds
- 4—**OLE & ARN ANDERSON**
No. 1 contenders to NWA tag team title
Combined weight: 505 pounds
- 5—**THE FANTASTICS**
UWF tag team champions
Combined weight: 462 pounds
- 6—**PLAYBOY BUDDY ROSE & DOUG SOMERS**
AWA World tag team champions
Combined weight: 515 pounds
- 7—**THE MIDNIGHT ROCKERS**
No. 1 contenders to AWA tag team title
Combined weight: 461 pounds
- 8—**THE MIDNIGHT EXPRESS**
No. 2 contenders to NWA tag team title
Combined weight: 472 pounds
- 9—**BUZZ SAWYER & MATT BORNE**
World Class tag team champions
Combined weight: 480 pounds
- 10—**IVAN KOLOFF & KRUSHER KHRUSHCHEV**
U.S. (World Championship) tag team champions
Combined weight: 533 pounds

WWF

World Champion:

HULK HOGAN
302, Venice Beach, CA

1—**RANDY SAVAGE**
245, Sarasota, FL

2—**PAUL ORNDORFF**
250, Brandon, FL

3—**RODDY PIPER**
231, Glasgow, Scotland

4—**RICK STEAMBOAT**
236, Honolulu, HI

5—**JAKE ROBERTS**
246, Stone Mountain, GA

6—**BILLY JACK HAYNES**
245, Portland, OR

7—**JOHN STUDD**
354, Los Angeles, CA

8—**DICK SLATER**
235, Tampa, FL

9—**HARLEY RACE**
253, Kansas City, MO

10—**MAGNIFICENT MURACO**
274, Sunset Beach, HI

WOMEN

1—**SHERRI MARTEL**

AWA Women's champion
132, New Orleans, LA

2—**MISTY BLUE SIMMES**
U.S. & IWF Women's champion
118, Clinton Falls, NY

3—**WENDI RICHTER**
WWC Women's champion
142, Dallas, TX

4—**FABULOUS MOOLAH**
WWF Women's champion
138, Columbia, SC

5—**LINDA DALLAS**
No. 1 contender: U.S. & IWF title
109, Dallas, TX

6—**VELVET McINTYRE**
No. 1 contender: WWF title
135, Dublin, Ireland

7—**LELANI KAI**
All Pacific Women's champion
127, Honolulu, HI

8—**CANDI DIVINE**
No. 1 contender: AWA title
127, Nashville, TN

9—**COMRADE ORCA**
No. 2 contender: U.S. & IWF title
217, Moscow, Russia

10—**DEBBIE COMBS**
No. 2 contender: AWA title
138, Ft. Campbell, KY

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WRESTLING RATINGS

WORLD CHAMP.

- 1—NIKITA KOLOFF
275, Moscow, Russia
- 2—TULLY BLANCHARD
225, San Antonio, TX
- 3—ARN ANDERSON
340, Minneapolis, MN
- 4—MAGNUM T.A.
245, Chesapeake, VA
- 5—DUSTY RHODES
302, Austin, TX
- 6—JIM GARVIN
235, Tampa, FL
- 7—DICK MURDOCH
370, Waxahachie, TX
- 8—RONNIE GARVIN
231, Montreal, Quebec
- 9—RICK RUDE
246, Robbinsdale, MN
- 10—BRAD ARMSTRONG
286, Marietta, GA

UWF

- 1—TERRY GORDY
389, Chattanooga, TN
- 2—TERRY TAYLOR
225, Vero Beach, FL
- 3—HACKSAW DUGGAN
280, Glens Falls, NY
- 4—BUDDY ROBERTS
247, Del City, OK
- 5—STEVE WILLIAMS
365, Tulsa, OK
- 6—TED DIBIASE
247, Omaha, NE
- 7—CHRIS ADAMS
230, Stratford, England
- 8—RICK STEINER
265, Detroit, MI
- 9—STING
270, parts unknown
- 10—ONE MAN GANG
468, Chicago, IL

WORLD CLASS

- 1—BLACK BART
261, Pampa, TX
- 2—BUZZ SAWYER
240, St. Petersburg, FL
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239, Denton, TX
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260, Arlington, TX
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230, Johannesburg, South Africa
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284, Albuquerque, NM
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360, Sudan
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253, Queens, NY
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390, Mt. Laurel, NJ
- 10—BRIAN ADIDAS
238, Denton, TX

FLORIDA

- 1—LEX LUGAR
220, Chicago, IL
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265, Pampa, TX
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236, Sweetwater, TX
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220, Sweetwater, TX
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297, Africa
- 6—ED GANTNER
269, Tampa, FL
- 7—THE WHITE NINJA
231, Japan
- 8—KENDO NAGASAKI
248, Singapore
- 9—THE FALCON
250, parts unknown
- 10—TYREE PRIDE
231, Haiti

MID-SOUTHERN

- 1—JERRY LAWLER
234, Memphis, TN
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275, San Antonio, TX
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306, Austin, TX
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222, Hendersonville, TN
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286, Atlanta, GA
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238, Tokyo, Japan
- 7—AUSTIN IDOL
240, Las Vegas, NV
- 8—HILLBILLY ELMER
406, Philadelphia, MS
- 9—JEFF JARRETT
200, Hendersonville, TN
- 10—BOY TONY
231, St. Louis, MO

CONTINENTAL

- 1—KEVIN SULLIVAN
235, Boston, MA
- 2—EXOTIC ADRIAN STREET
227, South Wales
- 3—WENDELL COOLEY
220, Miami, FL
- 4—THE BULLET
234, parts unknown
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248, New Orleans, LA
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234, Marietta, GA
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234, Montgomery, AL
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220, Houston, TX
- 9—ROBERT FULLER
238, Dyersburg, TN
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236, Sweetwater, TX
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